

white-glowing car, all of us glowing,
Jan in powder-blue taffeta, Tinker
in a powder-blue tux, Vic Shermer
in a white one, on our way to the prom,
and then the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood
where even the movie stars envied that car,
and then on the way home, gliding in our barge
along the Nile of the Hollywood Freeway,
the moon our wish lamp, the stars
our diamond dust, Vic Shermer,
without asking, surprised me by kissing
my naked back, smack in between
my bare shoulder blades.

Later, all grown up, I would ride
in Corvettes, Cadillacs and limos,
Rolls Royces, Benzs, Mustangs, Zees,
a Pantera, and an XKE, and men,
as handsome or more handsome
than Vic Shermer, would wine and dine me
and kiss my naked back,
but never again would it feel like that,
and never again
would the moon, pearls, or gardenias
glow as white,
or a '56 Olds shine in the night
as that night when our eyes
were as aquamarine and young
as Tinker's leather tuck-and-roll.

MUTE FORCE

When they dropped the A-bombs
on Japan, I was too little
to do anything about it
and had to believe what the grown-ups said
about them deserving it,
us the good guys safe and sound
in our living room watching the newsreel
on my father's home movie projector,
Tommy Dorsey's "Boogie Woogie"
playing on the record player
my father's irony, that '78
for background music, his sense of fair play
as the mushroom clouds boomed silently
shattering the eardrums, tongues, bones,
and souls of all those invisible,
deserving human beings
as images of teen-aged jitterbuggers
filled our minds

bombclouds and boogiers forever binding in mine

even now
as I sit watching the bad news on tv
that they've bombed Baghdad
the tv sound turned off as
Peter Jennings, Bush, and
stern grown-up men from Paris, London,
Washington, and Jerusalem
move their hands and mouths wordlessly,
squint and blink their eyes into the tv lights
and explain, report soundlessly
about the bombs and The War,
men with bald heads, or goatees, white beards,
men with neither tongues nor speech,
because I can't bear to turn on the tv sound
and listen to the screech-bombing
and shriek-boogying
because I'm still too little
to do anything about it.

BOREDOME

Boredome, not ennui, I called my boredom
en faux francaise,
bored from dancing all day
or all night, the guys bored too now
with this going-over-the-hill go-go thing
a big, still-kicking, dying horse
and while the guys weren't watching,
while they talked shop, Nam, sports, and tv
or watched another, prettier, go-go girl
I did my own thing to those
jukebox songs impossible to dance to

danced to the Righteous Brothers' "Ebb Tide"
my Twyla Tharp moderne, pirouetted
and pressed my fists to my forehead and heart,

danced to the Stones' "Sympathy For The Devil"
my Josephine Baker banana dance,
rolled my eyes, scratched imaginary
monkey fleas from my ribs and armpits,

danced to the Doors' long-long "Light My Fire"
my Cleopatra dance,
and to the Beatles' "Ob-li-de-ob-li-dah"
I danced a yo-ho-ho hornpipe,

one guy watching, though,
my boss,
the mean one with the
Edward G. Robinson eyebrows
warning me one more time
to clean up my act before he fired my ass,